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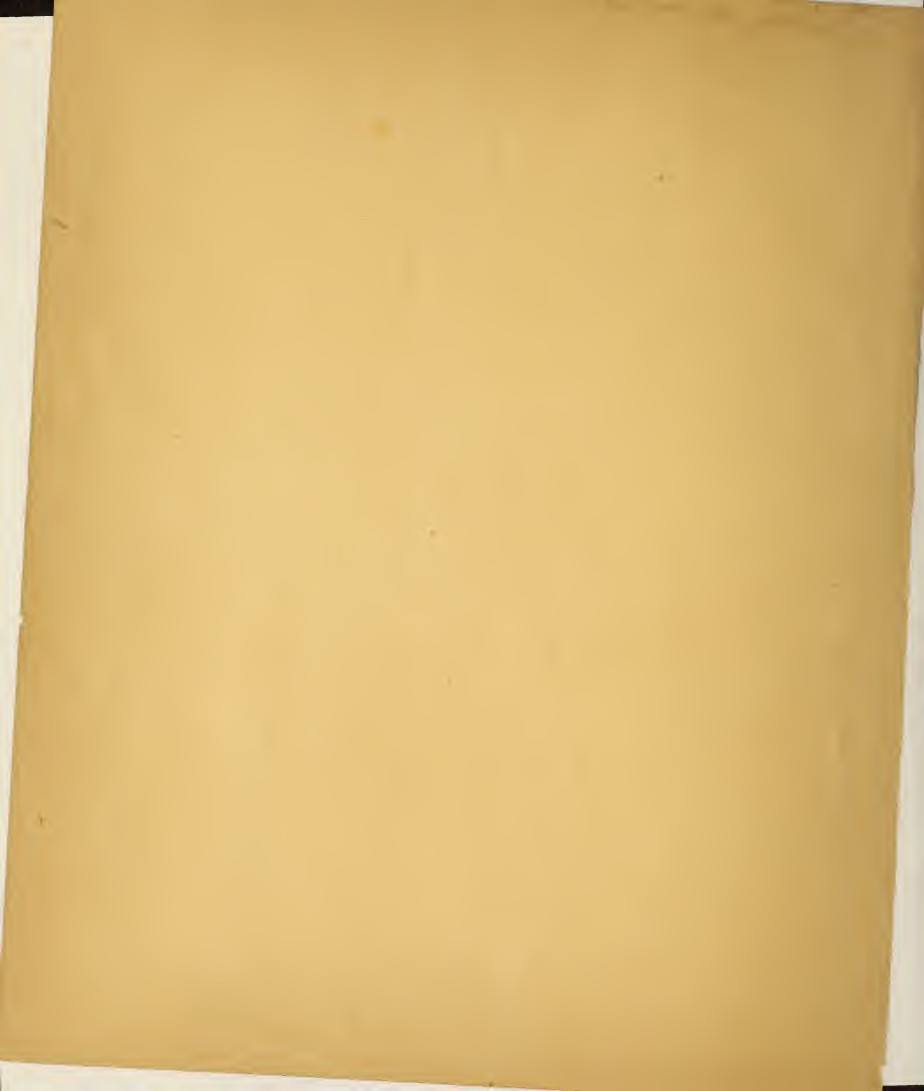
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Katherine Hannay



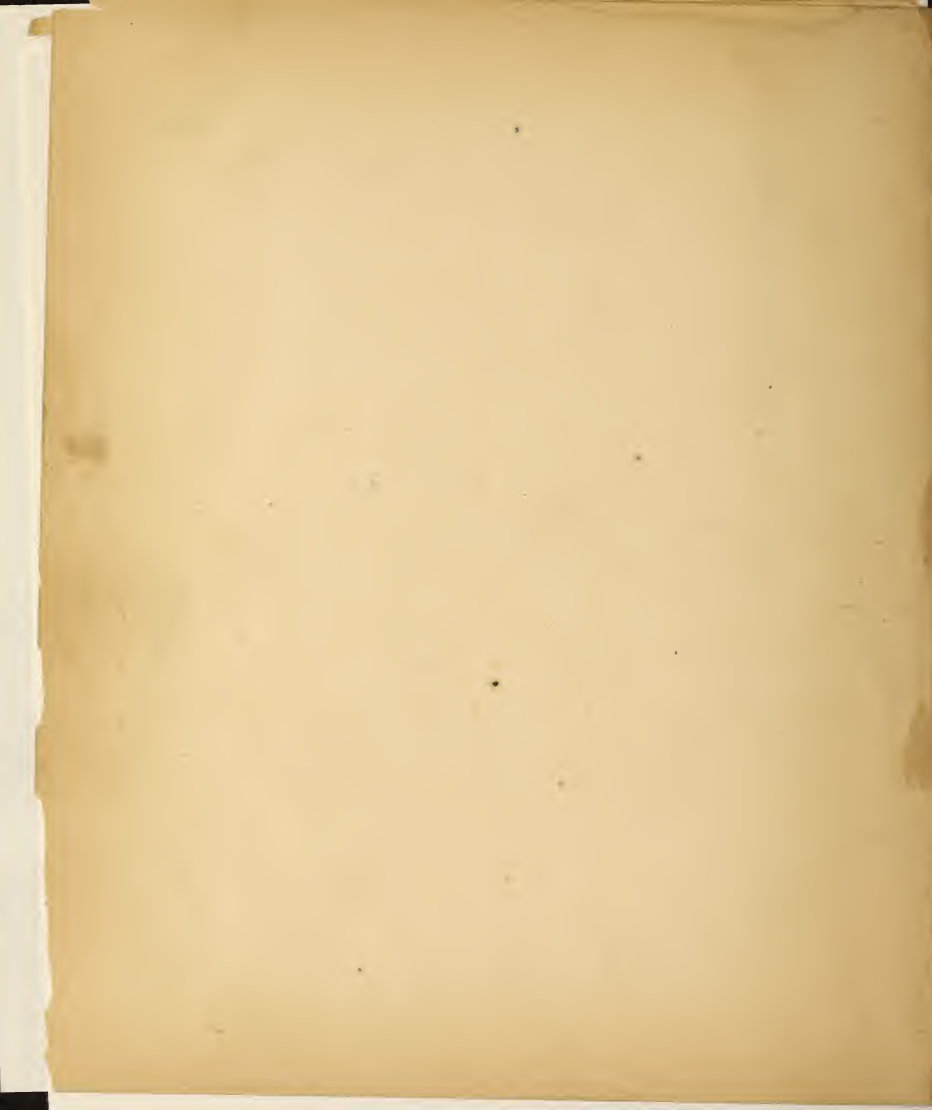
THE
OLD, OLD STORY.



PUBLISHED BY THE

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,

150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK.









TELL me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above—
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.

Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child;
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless, and defiled.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Tell me the story slowly,
That I may *take it in*—
That wonderful Redemption,
God's remedy for sin!

Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon!



Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.



Tell me the story always,
 If you would really be,
 In any time of trouble,
 A comforter to me.

Tell me the same old story
 When you have cause to fear
 That this world's empty glory
 Is costing me too dear.



Yes, and when *that* world's glory
Shall dawn upon my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole!"



The Story Told.





YOU ask me for "the story
Of unseen things above—
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love."

You want "the old, old story,"
And nothing else will do;
Indeed, I cannot wonder,
It always seems so *new*!

I often wish that some one
Would tell it *me*, each day;
I never should get tired
Of what he had to say.

But I am wasting moments!
Oh! how shall I begin
To tell "the old, old story,"
How Jesus saves from *sin*?



SOME in a pleasant garden
God placed a happy pair;
And all within was peaceful,
And all around was fair.

But oh! they disobeyed Him;
The one thing He denied
They longed for, took, and tasted—
They ate it, and—they died!



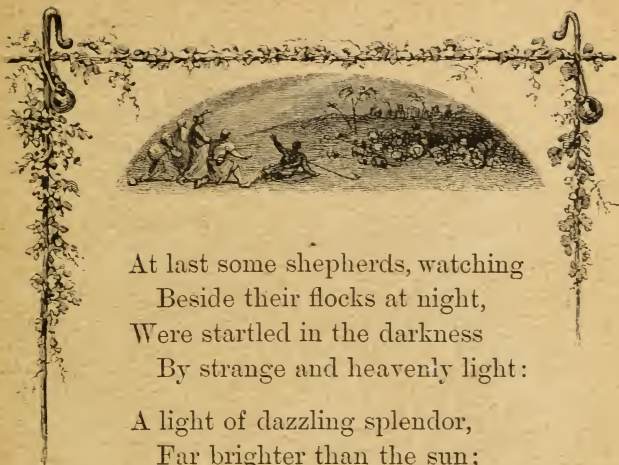
Yet, in His love and pity,
At once the Lord declared.
How man, though lost and ruined,
Might after all be spared.



For one of Eve's descendants,
Not sinful, like the rest,
Should spoil the work of Satan,
And man be saved and blest!

He should be son of Adam,
But Son of God as well,
And bring a full salvation
From sin, and death, and hell.

Four thousand years were over;
Adam and Eve had died,
The following generation,
And many more beside.



At last some shepherds, watching
Beside their flocks at night,
Were startled in the darkness
By strange and heavenly light:

A light of dazzling splendor,
Far brighter than the sun;
They knew 't was God's own glory
That round about them shone.

One of the holy angels
Had come from heaven above,
To tell the true, true story
Of Jesus and his love.

He came to bring "glad tidings:"
"You need not, must not fear;
For Christ, your new-born Saviour,
Lies in the village near!"



And many other angels
Took up the story then :
"To God on high be glory,
Good-will and peace to men."



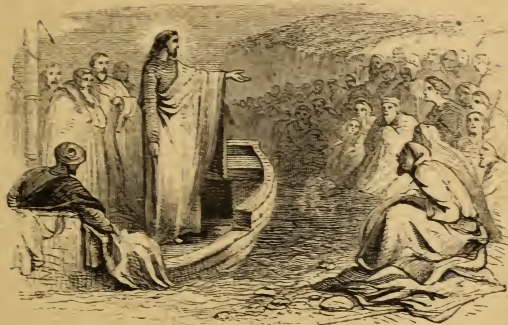
And was it *true*—that story?
They went at once to see,
And found Him in a manger,
And knew that it was He.

He whom the Father promised
So many ages past,
Had come to save poor sinners;
Yes, He had *come* at last!



'T was his "delight" to do it,
To seek and save the lost,
Although He knew beforehand—
Knew all that it would cost.

He lived a life most holy;
His every thought was love,
And every action showed it,
To man, and God above.



His path in life was lowly ;
He was a "working-man :"
Who knows the poor man's trials
So well as Jesus can ?

His last three years were *lovely* !
He could no more be hid ;
And time and strength would fail me
To tell the good He did.

He gave away no money,
For He had none to give ;
But he had power of healing,
And made dead people live.

He did kind things so kindly,
It seemed His heart's delight
To make poor people happy,
From morning until night.



He always seemed at leisure
For every one who came:
However tired or busy,
They found Him just "the same."

He heard each tale of sorrow
With an attentive ear;
And took away each burden
Of suffering, sin, or fear.



He was "a man of sorrows,"
And when He gave relief,
He gave it like a brother,
"Acquainted with" the "grief."

Such was "The Man Christ Jesus!"
The friend of sinful man, . . .
But hush! the tale grows sadder:
I'll tell it—if I *can*!

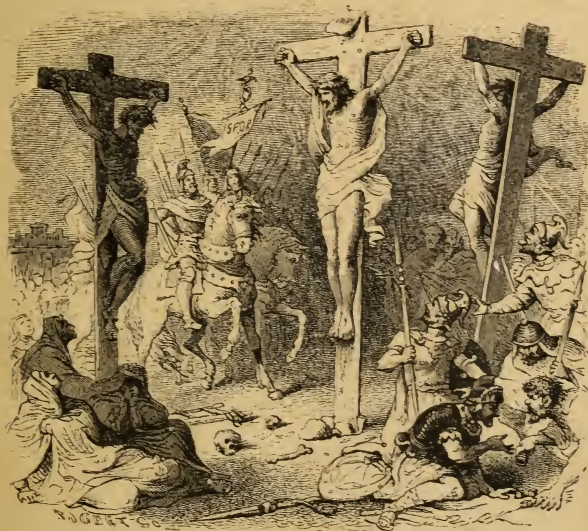
THE OLD, OLD STORY.

This gentle, holy Jesus,
Without a spot or stain,
By wicked hands was taken,
And crucified, and slain!



Look! look!—if you can bear it—
Look at your dying Lord!
Stand near the cross and view him:
“Behold the Lamb of God!”

His hands and feet are piercéd,
He cannot hide his face;
And cruel men stand gazing,
In crowds, about the place.



They laugh at him and mock him !
They tell him to, "come down,"
And leave that cross of suffering,
And change it for a crown.

Why did he bear their mockings?
Was he "the mighty God"?
And could he have destroyed them
With one almighty word?

Yes, Jesus *could* have done it;
But let me tell you why
He *would* not use his power,
But choose to stay and die.

He had become our surety;
And what we could not pay,
He paid *instead*, and *for us*,
On that one dreadful day.

For you and me he suffered;
'T was for *our* sins he died;
And "not for our sins only,"
But "all the world's" beside!

And now, the work is "finished!"
The sinner's debt is paid,
Because on "Christ the righteous"
The sin of *all* was laid.

O wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin,
The door of heaven is open,
And you may enter in.

For God released our "Surety,"
To show the work was done;
And Jesus' resurrection
Declared the victory *won!*



And now, he has ascended,
And sits upon the throne,
"To be a prince and Saviour,"
And claim us for his own.

But when he left his people,
He promised them to send
"The Comforter" to teach them,
And guide them, to the end.

And that same Holy Spirit
Is with us to this day,
And ready *now* to teach us
The "new and living way."









HIS is "the old, old story;"
Say, do you *take it in*—
This wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin?

Do you at heart believe it?
Do you believe it's *true*,
And meant for every sinner,
And, therefore, meant for *you*?



Then *take* this "great salvation;"
For Jesus loves to give!
Believe! and you receive it,
Believe! and you shall live.

And if this simple message
Has now brought peace to you,
Make known "the old, old story,"
For others need it too.

Let every body see it,
That Christ has made you free;
And when it sets one longing,
Say, "Jesus died for *thee*!"

Soon, soon, our eyes shall see Him!
And in our home above
We'll sing *the old, old story*
Of Jesus and his love.











John
Lalor
Storrs

